

64 *THE CASTAWAYS OF THE FLAG*

replied. " Put out some lines at the foot of those rocks."

We had better not land/' Mrs. Wolston agreed. " We will do our best while you are away."

" The great thing/<sup>3</sup> Fritz remarked, " is to keep what little biscuit we have left, in case we are obliged to put to sea again."

" Now, Mrs. Fritz," John Block said, " get the stove going. We are not the kind of people to be satisfied with lichen soup or boiled pebbles, and we promise to bring you something solid and substantial."

The weather was fairly fine. Through the clouds in the east a few sun-rays filtered.

Fritz., Frank, James, and the boatswain trudged, together along the edge of the shore, over sand still wet from the last high tide.

Ten feet or so higher the sea-weeds lay in zig-zag lines.

Some were of kinds which contain nutritive substances, and John Block exclaimed;

" Why, people eat that—when they haven't got anything else! In my country, in Irish sea-ports, a sort of jam is made of that! "

After walking three or four hundred yards in this direction, Fritz and his

companions came  
to the foot of the bastion to the  
west. Formed  
of enormous rocks with slippery  
surfaces, and  
almost perpendicular, it plunged  
straight down